



## The Horse.

## THE CLEVELAND BAY.

We are pleased to notice the renewed interest that is being taken in this fine breed of horses. An association has been formed in this country, and it has issued the first volume of a stud book for the breed. It contains in all the pedigrees of five hundred and twenty stallions. In the volume is an interesting history of this breed of horses, written by the Secretary, Mr. W. S. Dixon. We note that one Illinois importer has a string of twenty-two yearling colts, beside a number of mature stallions, and reports an active demand from buyers. Prices range high. For fine specimens three years old and over from \$2,000 to \$8,000 is asked, and is generally paid if the breeding, style and merit of the animal warrants it. The demand from importers has stirred up the English breeders, and large numbers of them will be bred there hereafter. The Cleveland Bay is just what is required to cross upon good mares of from 800 to 1,000 lbs., to breed a fine style of carriage horse, or that will furnish excellent mounts for cavalry. Such horses are always in demand, both to supply the home trade or for export. Just the other day the French government purchased 500 horses in England for their cavalry, not being able to secure the right style of horse in France. We are now certain of securing a good class of farm and general purpose horses through the use of Percheron and Clyde stallions, good roadster and trotting stock is also being bred in sufficient numbers to meet the demand for that class of stock, and with the use of Cleveland Bay stallions a class of carriage and cavalry horses can be bred that will never lack purchasers at remunerative prices.

## THE WINTER CARE AND MANAGEMENT OF FARM HORSES.

[From a paper read before the Franklin & Tencumseh Farmers' Club, by Abner Wilson.]

In the first place let us consider what constitutes a farm horse. It is not what might be called a fancy driving horse, nor can it be a spirited and high lived animal, although a great many good farms keep such.

The average farm horse is a horse for all work, driving, drawing heavy loads and other necessary farm work; in short a horse for business. A horse to be in good health and condition for spring work must be kept in good heart through the winter.

I prefer a box stall first of all, well littered down and next a stall not less than eight feet wide. This gives a horse a chance to move around and lie down with comfort, a thing which some horses do not do through fear, in some of the narrow, tucked up stalls that are common in horse barns. The new horse barns that are being built in the village are now made with box stalls.

If you have a moderate amount of work for your horses during the winter it will be better for them than standing idle. Give them a ration of grain three times a day, by ration I mean from 8 to 12 ears of corn, according to the weather and work and size of animal.

The hay should be early cut, well cured timothy, or timothy with a little clover mixed. Timothy should be cut before it blossoms to be at its best and free from dust.

If my hay was lacking in these points I should prefer good cornstalks with occasionally a feed of bran. Always water before feeding; curvy combs and brushes are very good in their place but they will not take the place of feed, and it is but few farmers who can afford to take the time to use them as they should be used.

In conclusion I would say keep your horses in good flesh and I will guarantee they will do a full day's work when wanted and will not need the care of a veterinary physician.

## Breeding for a Purpose.

Every farmer should decide now, says the *Spirit of the Farm*, as to how he will use his brood mares in the stud this season, and make up his mind beforehand as to the kind of animal that will be of most service to him, whether it be in the plow, on the road, or under saddle. The character of his mares will, in a great measure, determine this question for him. From a cold-blooded, large, coarse mare, probably a mule colt would pay him best. We say probably, but not necessarily. A thoroughbred cross on such a mare would make a most valuable farm horse, and would come as near being the general purpose horse, almost, as any that could be bred. But the nature, breeding and conformation of every brood mare on the farm should be thoughtfully considered before breeding her in order to obtain the best results. If more attention was given to this matter before the time of service there would be fewer \$50 and \$75 plugs for sale. In some sections there is no choice left the farmer and he is obliged to accept the services of such an animal as he can get, but such localities are rare in this day, where we have so much good blood of all kinds in the country.

## Horse Gossip.

Diasetro and Monroe Chief have retired from the turf and will hereafter be used for stud service.

True final stallion Denver Wilkes, by George Wilkes, dam by Ericson, died on January 28th, from colic.

Bliss' Bull has now 46 of his get in the 2:30 list. But one of all these has a record better than 2:20.

EIGHTY head of stock horses were sold at sheriff's sale at San Angelo, Tex., recently, at \$3 per head.

The pacer Little Dan, owned by O. Whitson, New Burlington, Ind., died recently from a dose of poison he got while in a race at Leavenworth, Ohio, in September.

FIRST of the SEASONS.—A brush on the ice at Orchard Lake, Wednesday, between three of our sporting men, resulting in John Munn's brown gelding winning; time, 2:55.

The thoroughbred horse, Great Tom, that was imported from England three years ago by General Harding, of Tennessee, has lost the use of one of his eyes as a result of an attack of pneumonia.

NEVER feed much corn to young horses. It only supplies heat and fat. Growing stock needs bone and muscle-forming foods. Many a colt has been injured for life by getting too much corn.

Two hundred English jockeys are said to make from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars per year by their profession. This is better than politics in a pecuniary point of view, and at least as honest.

The English people say that Blair Athol, the celebrated English sire, earned at the stud the enormous sum of \$325,000, whilst his immediate descendants won in stakes on the English turf alone more than \$300,000.

It is said that there are more fast horses getting ready for the coming campaign on the Pacific Slope this winter than ever known before. The climate of California seems highly conducive to the development of the trotter.

ALDEN GOLDSMITH, the well known breeder of trotters, has purchased the mare Huntress, by Volunteer, whose record of three miles in 7:21 has never been beaten. Mr. Goldsmith bred her, and will now use her as a brood mare.

GRANDERS appear to have a strong foothold among the horses of Illinois. Dr. Paaren, State Veterinarian, recently had six head killed which were suffering from the disease. Stampeding it out is the only remedy, as it is utterly incurable.

The fastest time ever made by a two-year-old stallion was trotted by an unnamed colt at San Francisco, Cal., recently. He trotted a mile in 9:32%, the first quarter in 37 1/2, the half in 1:13, the three quarters in 1:45%, and the last quarter in 35%.

HERE is a new remedy for cribbers: Nail a strip of sheep skin about eight inches in width the entire length of the crib; select a skin covered with long wool and sprinkle it freely with cayenne pepper. Renew it occasionally, and the worst cribber can be persuaded to desist from his habit.

THE noted stallion Gen. Greene, owned by A. C. Greene, Fall River, Mass., died of lung fever, Jan. 9. He was by Ajax, dam by Seely's American Star, and was valued at \$15,000. It is said an offer of \$13,000 was refused for him, two weeks before his death. It is dangerous to get a big offer for a horse, as we notice it does soon afterward. This applies to about every trotter that has died within the past five years.

THE stallion Mambrino Paris, a son of Mambrino Patchen, owned by Bowman Bros., at Waverly, Iowa, met his death in a curious manner recently. He had been hitched double with the stallion Abe Downing, and in a few moments the horses began fighting in the most savage manner. The battle finally culminated in Mambrino Paris being thrown to the ground while in the act of rearing and the internal injuries received were so severe that death ensued in a short time.

THEY do these things better in Brazil. At horse races there professional betters are locked up in rooms with grated windows from which they make their bets. They are held there until the race is over in order to prevent them from getting away with the stakes. It would be a pretty good idea to introduce a scheme of this kind on some of the race courses in such civilized countries as the United States—and then forget to unlock the doors when through.

A CANADIAN wrote to the *Agricultural Gazette*, London, for information respecting the style of horse desired for cavalry remounts, following reply was received: "Canada might well entertain the remount business denied to us by reason of our high rentals, etc. From 15.3 to 16.2 hands, seen from drafts we have been sold, to be the desired heights, the requirements ranging from light medium to heavy, cavalry and artillery. Good-boned, active horses are wanted, and of sound constitution."

A SYNDICATE made up of a few prominent men of Paw Paw are negotiating for, and will doubtless have a full blood Cleveland Bay stallion at that place in time for spring service. This is a move in the right direction, and undoubtedly the farmers in that locality will appreciate the remount business denied to us by reason of our high rentals, etc. From 15.3 to 16.2 hands, seen from drafts we have been sold, to be the desired heights, the requirements ranging from light medium to heavy, cavalry and artillery. Good-boned, active horses are wanted, and of sound constitution."

WALE'S HENRY the Great Cough cure, \$25, No. 441. Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals & beautifies, \$25. German Corn Remover kills Corns & Bunions. Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye—Black and Brown, \$25. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute, \$25. Wiles' Emeticum Pills are a sure cure, \$25.

## The Farm.

## Why One Cow will Give Richer Milk than Another.

Mr. O. B. Hadwen of Worcester, Mass., during the discussion of the dairy question by New England farmers, made the following remarks on the above subject:

An EXCUSE for Skim Milk Cheese.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* tells the following: Mr. Straight was formerly a butter dealer in Cincinnati, with extensive business connection in New Orleans. This connection he maintained after establishing his large chain of factories in Summit County. He gradually adopted new processes, and skimmed a little closer each year, until finally his patrons in the Crescent City began to complain of the quality of the cheese; at the same time they praised his butter. His smooth-tongued agent in New Orleans thus explained the case to a complaining customer: "You see, sir, the Western Reserve pastures are the finest in the world, and produce a milk of extraordinary richness. A full cream cheese made from this milk is an unsteady as jelly, and could only be shipped down the Mississippi in barrels. By skimming close, we get the gilt-edge butter you like so well, and are enabled to make a cheese that ships nearly as well as white oak timber. You are, in this way, permitted to take the whole product of the Western Reserve grasses. If you prefer it combined, you have but to toast the cheese and spread it with the butter."

A CITIZEN of Muncie, Ind., has designed a live poultry car so constructed as to permit the shipping of live fowls any distance by rail without the drawbacks at-

## Agricultural Items.

AT Seattle, Washington Territory, eggs often sell for a dollar a dozen, and are rarely less than fifty cents.

Mix Paris green with one hundred times its bulk of dry gypsum. The latter is an excellent fertilizer. Apply when the dew is on.

An Indiana farmer banished slops from the pig-pen and gave his swine clear, pure water instead. He never had such firm, solid meat to put up before, he says.

A PENNSYLVANIA farmer last year sold \$200 worth of potatoes from twelve acres. He fertilized with a compost of hard wood ashes and oyster shell lime, plowed deep, planted medium sized, well formed, uncut potatoes three feet apart, gave level culture and culti- large tubers.

A FERTILIZED company offered \$700 in premiums for the greatest production of Dakota red potatoes from a single pound of seed, grown by their fertilizer. Six persons secured premiums. The highest product was 2,565 lbs., the next 2,349 lbs., the lowest 1,320 lbs. These results have never been exceeded. Of course these extraordinary results were produced by starting the seed eyes in hot-beds during the winter, and multiplying them as much as possible before planting in the field in the spring.

THE Indiana cane growers held their third annual meeting at Indianapolis in January. The general sentiment of those engaged in the business was that it can be made profitable by careful management and use of all the products. The sugar-producing qualities of the cane, Prof. Wiley believes, can be increased by careful selection of seed. When sorghum syrup can be sold at 50 cents per gallon it pays the grower. One member considered a bushel of sorghum seed equal in food value to a bushel of oats. The blades surpass corn fed-large tubers.

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F. D. CURTIS says, in the *Country Gentleman*, that an animal feels a slight, in care or food, as quickly as sheep, and no animal recovers so slowly. No animal is so easily thrown off its feed, on account of smells, dirt, mustiness, or anything disagreeable, as a sheep. They are the neatest in their habits, and the most particular in their tastes, of any domestic animal. These peculiarities are more marked when the yard or stable. Here is where they must have the most dainty, and here is where they must have the most consideration. The least taint of the pal or trough in which water is put for them to drink is sufficient to repel them from it.

MANY Ohio men are changing from summer to winter dairying, owing to the low prices of summer and packed butter. This, a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, thinks, may be made to pay when the grain for winter feeding is raised on the farm, not when the returns from the dairy are paid out for milk and cream. It is economy to raise the grain at home, and the manure made in the stables is an important factor in the grain-raising. If properly secured, 95 per cent of its value is returned to the soil. Corn and oat meal make a better ration for milch cows than bran and mill feed. It pays a dairyman to have a good farm mill to grind his home grown grain, saving tolls and the hauling to and from the public mill.

People with gray hair may conceal from the world the fact that they are becoming aged and passing on to decay, by the use of Hall's Hair Renewer. It is a fact that this article removes, clesades, brightens, invigorates and restores faded away hair to its youthful color and lustre, cheaply, quickly and surely.

A new method of extracting and preserving the essential principles of hops has lately been devised by M. Louis Boule, of Bourges, and the brewers of Belgium and the North of France have, says the *Brewers' Guardian*, already begun to avail themselves of the invention.

It is well known that the fragrant aroma of the hop is for the most part contained in certain small glands, which can be separated from the rest of the hop flower, and which when separated constitute the yellow powder known as "lupulin;" this powder very easily undergoes decomposition and the oil of hops, with which it is saturated, soon becomes oxidized in contact with the air, giving rise to valerenic acid, which imparts that unpleasant and "cheesy" smell to old hops.

M. Boule proposes to mechanically separate this lupulin by the aid of a centrifugal machine, and to keep the powder in vessels completely protected from the air. Afterward the hops, which still retain all the bitter principle, tannic acid, and other useful soluble matters, are extracted by prolonged boiling with water, and this extract is subsequently evaporated and concentrated *in vacuo* at a temperature not exceeding 125° Fahr. This extract is subsequently mixed with its proper proportion of lupulin, and the mixture is then placed and kept in air tight cans, much in the same way as our preserved foods are kept.

This preparation, which the inventor calls "normal hops," contains the whole of the extract—both volatile and fixed—of the hops, and can be kept unchanged for an indefinite period. The idea is that brewers should send their hops to be extracted in the manner we have indicated at special factories established for the purpose, and then have returned to them the whole of the essential principles in a concentrated and perfectly stable form.

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tending the handling of crates and baskets as now shipped.

A PHILADELPHIA paper tells of a man who, eight years ago, began to keep poultry on a farm that only returned an income of \$100 a year. Now his sales of poultry and eggs amount to \$10,000 and when the fruit tree he has planted come bearing he expects it will be two or three times greater. He rules are: Houses of moderate cost, tarred paper or square edged boards for roof and back, with plenty of glass in front and eight square feet allowed each hen. Feed liberally three times a day in winter, and twice in summer when the fowls have their liberty. Two dollars per year per head is a fair income. Whitewash thoroughly and often. Keep only twelve hens to the cook in the breeding pens. Keep setters by themselves, and let all kinds of incubators alone. We don't know how many people will be made wild with the above report, but don't you sell your cows and buy hens on the strength of it.

A SUBSCRIBER at Ypsilanti asks for a description of the Dimon Creepers. They are a fowl originated and bred by Mr. John Dimon, now manager of the Meers Walker's stock farm at Walkerville, Ont. They were bred from number of different kinds, and then inbred to perpetuate the type he had secured, and which met his ideas of what such a fowl should be. In appearance they suggest the Plymouth Rock, but are very low on the leg, so that they are able to do little or no scratching. Then the wings are so short that they can not fly over a fence, and a flock can be as easily fenced in as a lot of sheep or hogs. They grow to a large size, being about as heavy as the Plymouth Rocks when matured. They are very quiet in their disposition, and easily cared for. Mr. Dimon says they are good layers, and excellent table fowls, the chickens rapid growers and fine fleshed.

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DETROIT, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1885.

## WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 109,963 bu., against 133,824 bu. the previous week and 49,601 bu. for corresponding week in 1884. Shipments for the week were 67,446 bu. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 940,985 bu., against 899,447 last week and 557,380 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The visible supply of this grain on January 31 was 42,638,259 bu., against 42,576,703 the previous week, and 82,786,734 bu. at corresponding date in 1884. This shows an increase over the amount in sight the previous week of 76,556 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending January 31 were 925,496 bu., against 1,802,602 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 8,943,650 bu. against 6,316,327 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1884.

Since our last report the market has ruled steady with values tending upward until Saturday, when prices dropped a few points below the previous day's figures, though still above those ruling a week ago. The week closed with a light demand from millers, and spot wheat consequently very quiet. Yesterday this market was dull and lifeless, the snow storm apparently put an end to business. Prices did not suffer any, however, and values closed at about Saturday's figures. Sales were only 30 car of spot and 30,000 bu. of futures. At Chicago, after some fluctuations, the market finally closed a shade lower than on Saturday, No. 2 red selling at 80c, and No. 3 do. at 70c. The Toledo market was dull, with No. 2 red spot at 70c, and February delivery at same price; No. 2 soft sold at 85c.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from Jan. 20th to Feb. 9th:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Jan. 20	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77
21	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77
22	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77
23	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77
24	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77
25	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77
26	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77
27	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77
28	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77
29	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77
30	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77
Feb. 1	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77
2	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77
3	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77
4	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77
5	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77
6	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77
7	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77
8	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77
9	80 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2	77

The following statement gives the closing figures on No. 1 white each day of the past week for the various deals:

	Feb. March	April
Tuesday	85 1/2	87 1/2
Wednesday	85 1/2	87 1/2
Thursday	85 1/2	87 1/2
Friday	85 1/2	87 1/2
Saturday	85 1/2	87 1/2
Monday	85 1/2	87

There has not been any special feature in the wheat market the past week. There was a steady tone in all the markets until Friday, after which there was little trading and some signs of weakness. It will be noticed, however, that after an advance prices do not recede to their former position, and recover quite promptly, when the condition of general trade is considered, a sure sign that the situation for holders is slowly but surely strengthening. In fact farmers are not inclined to sell at present prices, and when a sudden demand arises from any quarter it is certain to result in higher prices.

As to the future outlook, Mr. H. Kains-Jackson, an eminent English authority, states it very concisely in the following paragraph:

"Cold weather has increased consumption, cold weather has to some extent diminished supplies. Cold weather has reminded wheat buyers that for the next three months the markets will have a scant show of samples. Even 6s per quarter rise on the top of the present material advance could not bring a glut of supply for use in January or February. It was thought that after a little quiet, when below 30s per quarter, there could be no real sign on prices. Russian wheat holders, American wheat holders and Indian wheat holders were relatively held fasts when English farmers and wheat dealers yielded up their stocks to all comers. The rule was to sell wheat for what it would bring, without estimating its intrinsic value."

"At the cheapest centres of wheat production in the world a new crop has been established, viz., that with all that wind and tide, soil and climate, cheapness of labor and of transit can do, there is yet one thing it cannot accomplish, which is to grow good wheat and carry it to the market. The market is at present at 14c per lb. and makes a profit out of the transaction! It masters little, when England and North-western Europe might say as to the loss of growing wheat even at 40s per quarter, so long as other countries could do so; but now when India speaks, Australia speaks, and America asserts they cannot and will not produce wheat and bring it to Europe at the recent terms offered, it is time to admit that the wheat trade has got a real bottom to it, and that prudent merchants may safely trust in the future as the past."

"There are strong rumors of considerable damage to wheat in some of the Western States from the recent severe weather, but, although they tended to strengthen the market, it seems unwise to pay much

attention to such reports so early in the season.

The visible supply of wheat on the dates named, in this country east of the Rocky Mountains, in Canada, and in transit for the United Kingdom and the Continent of Europe, as compared with last year, was as follows:

	1885.	1884.
U. S. east of the Rockies.	42,576,703	19,648,000
Afloat on ocean for United Kingdom.	19,648,000	2,594,000
Afloat on ocean for Continental Europe.	2,594,000	

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	Feb. 2.	Feb. 9.
Floor, extra State.	per cent.	per cent.
Wheat, No. 1 white.	8s. 11 d.	7s. 0 d.
do Spring No 2 red.	7s. 3 d.	7s. 0 d.
do do new 7s. 1 d.	10 d.	10 d.
do Winter Western.	7s. 1 d.	7s. 0 d.

CORN AND OATS.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

Feb. 2.

Feb. 9.

Floor, extra State.

Wheat, No. 1 white.

do Spring No 2 red.

do do new.

do Winter Western.

Feb. 2.

Feb. 9.

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Wheat, No. 1 white.

do Spring No 2 red.

do do new.

do Winter Western.

Feb. 2.

Feb. 9.

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do do new.

do Winter Western.

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Feb. 2.

Feb. 9.

valued at \$700 last week, and frozen in the ice of a mire. It is supposed he was shot and strayed to the place that had been cut the day before.

Mr. James N. Stearns, from South Haven, says his buds have thus far all right, only enough varieties being killed to keep out next season so that he can't get them.

whose fire did not burn out, and the kerosene have been satisfied with fire, but she was, and her "bangs" had to death had her husband to help her.

left him because he was a vagabond, taking the road with whom she had, and then himself. He'll probably live, this on, the 6th.

The woolen factory now, will not be rebuilt; Hertford, Henry and Wirt—there will be a fine contrast for furniture material for which has

Schraeder Brothers

hug weighing about 500 lbs. of the lugs a piece

and one-fourth inches in

height. A. Peltier of

it, it was learned, was

the cause of the

fire. It never manifested

itself as it was

readily seen.

Mr. Munger, formerly

in the Dakota for

visit. He reports that

of bushels of rats

of some 100,000

are now in Michigan. Miss

owns 160 acres near

the lake, where she lives most

as a good team of horses

and driving. This she

is the spring.

regularly connected with the

factories are about to

manager of the Clea-

Pal railroad, died at

is nearly flooded by the

river. The river can-

not refining company has

its operations, and has

sequence.

has been arrested

the charge of stealing

from a firm in London,

coal mine is on fire, all

having been destroyed.

the loss can be given

of 100,000.

Mr. O'Donovan Rossa in

last week, does not

mention his attempt at murder,

and the great

of the agricultural col-

ection, including the Massa-

and Stearns' col-

lected on the 4th; los-

on the 4th, a wind

damage to the town,

on the Colorado Cen-

ters, three were fatally

injured.

was poisoned near

by drinking coffee in

it was

supposed to be obtained

from the creek.

was taken to the

put together.

the Hotel Brunswick at

for \$300. The house

the notorious Billy Mc-

the ball room and give

York's worst citizens.

the United States New

commissioners has started

the first of the

it is feared to ex-

after the mardi gras

and daughter of In-

brunswick was

brutally murdered

out of the family is

held for examination

an alibi, it will go

any indigence is very

surprise.

the records of the State

is a stupendous system

the amount stolen will not

one-fourth of the

and for the support of

the police.

on, the 4th, while look-

in his garret, found

which had never been

to making Col-

the same amount of

in candy, entertain-

the case make lively fun

week. Wm. Wicks was

an obnoxious boy that

him, and had gone to

he followed her there,

to push her upon a

of his, inflicting

the same sympathy is

not forgotten.

on the Chat-

ton, Ga., were dis-

for an outbreak last

to kill the guards and

discovered, and the

severe flogging, and

the same medicine till

it was forgotten.

camp on the Chat-

ton, Ga., were dis-

for an outbreak last

to kill the guards and

discovered, and the

severe flogging, and

the same medicine till

it was forgotten.

last week caused the

“fire-bug,”

ring the lumber yards

the mayor and city

set fire to a pile of rub-

compound found in his

it had analyzed, and

an explosive a patient

was a street fair,

was a street fair,

and his house, barn and

farming implements, located near Moorhead, Minn., together with a vast quantity of hay and oats in store, were burned by him. He is supposed to be employed who was not supposed to be employed by Sprague. Last night farm hands to whom he owned, and called upon him to determine to whom he had given him, but he weakened and paid to him when the rope had been adjusted about the neck.

At Amesbury, Iowa, last April, an old man named Jefferson was murdered by his son, J. C. Smith and his two sons-in-law, J. C. Smith and J. J. Wilson. The murderer committed the crime and implicated the others. A change of venue, however, greatly to the indignation of the people, who compelled the judge who had the power to prevent the removal of the prisoners. At four o'clock in the morning of the 4th 100 men battered down the jail walls and took the band stand, public square. Smith and his son resisted, were shot in their houses, then dragged and hanged to a tree fence. The mob was composed of the best citizens. The sheriff was on the scene, but was powerless.

At New Brunswick, N. J., on Saturday, a freight train collided with an oil train on the Raritan river. The collision was due to the carelessness of the conductor of the oil train. The freight train dashed into the oil cars, and one exploded instantly, and two brakemen fell with the burning oil into the river and were killed. Streams of burning oil covered the bridge, and filled the gutters of the streets. Janeway & Co. in a large wall paper factory, close to the bridge, caught fire and burned to the ground. The fire communicated to a row of dwellings, and to the New Brunswick Hotel, which was consolidated with a hotel adjoining. An employee of Janeway's was burned to death in the endeavor to save the company's books. Ten thousand men are out of employment. The loss, aside from that of the railroad, is \$700,000.

Forster.

A man named Cunningham has been arrested at London, charged with causing the explosion of a gunpowder wagon. He has been taken into custody. The Queen will offer a reward for the arrest and conviction of the criminal guilty of the recent dynamite out-

A stoker of Colonel Stewart's steamer reports that Stewart's steamer struck on a rock near Wady Gans, and that Sultan Pacha invited Stewart to his cabin to have him make a speech. Stewart, the two consuls, and the soldiers and sailors, with the exception of four who escaped.

On the 5th, intelligence of the fall of Kharoum and the capture of “Chinee” Goss was received at London. The excitement was intense, the cabin was hastily cleaned and the great destruction was felt. It was feared that the force under Stewart will be massacred by the hordes of Arabs who surrounded the scattered remnant. It is thought native treachery brought about the capture of the city.

A troop of British cavalry, with some Egyptian troops, made a reconnoissance far as Handout, which village they found deserted and burned, carrying off the canals and carts. Returning to the camp, and were surrounded by 500 Arabs and narrowly escaped massacre. After several fighting, the British charged in close column, broke through the Arab lines and succeeded in reaching the shelter of the gun emplacements. Eight hours and three Egyptian are missing.

How to Make Gilt-Edged Butter.

For many years past the foremost manufacturers of Butter Color have been Messrs. Wells, Richardson & Co. Their reputation as skillful chemists and reliable manufacturers is second to none. Doing a business of a million dollars a year in this and other things, they have achieved a very high position for strict reliability and integrity.

\*\*

Therefore, when they assure dairymen, as they do most cordially, that their “New Improved” Butter Color, (without which gilt-edged butter cannot be made at all seasons of the year,) is the best, it is scientific, as well as practically impossible for it to become rancid, the statement can be relied upon. Farmers know by sad experience that other oil colors readily spoil, and they should make a careful note that by doing this, they will save any risk of spoiling the butter.

\*\*

It is very highly endorsed by the most prominent dairymen in the country, and Prof. A. H. Sabin, Prof. of Chemistry in the University of Vermont, says that “It is free from alkali, and any other substance injurious to health and it is 50 per cent stronger in color than the best oil colors.”

\*\*

The manufacturers claim for it perfect color and purity, perfect freedom from any taste or smell, while its keeping qualities, and economy make it the cheapest color made. Besides a large sale in this country it is demanded in great quantities in England, Australia and all parts of the world. Send for their pamphlet.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AUCTION SALE  
OF  
HOLSTEIN CATTLE!

At Jackson, Wednesday, March 4th, at 10 A. M. 50 head of cattle, 100 lbs. Heifers, Cows and Calves; nearly the entire herd of A. Underwood and a fine herd of animals from the herd of R. G. Washburn. These are not only the best, but the most reliable.

Also sold Holstein cattle. Some very fine bull calves for sale. Stock at Lapeer, Michigan. I. H. Buttrfield, Port Huron, Mich.

DIMON CREEPERS.  
IMPORTERS AND BREEDERS OF  
Percheron Horses, Shorthorn and Polled Aberdeen Angus Cattle, Berkshire and Suffolk Pigs and Shropshire Sheep

FOR SALE.  
HOLSTEIN CATTLE FOR SALE.

Three cows, three years old; one heifer, two years old; five heifer calves; one bull calf; one yearling bull; two bulls, three years old. The will sell all extra animals and will be sold very low. Address LEROY Y. MOORE, Greenville, Mich.

SHORTHORN BULLS FOR SALE.

“I have a thoroughbred Dutch-Friesian (Solebo) bull, nearly nine months old, which I would like to exchange for store sheep. Address E. W. UNDERWOOD, J. A. MANN, of Detroit, Auctioneer.

\*\*

Essex Stock Farm.  
12 Stallions For Sale.

To receive stock we will sell six yearling Percheron stallions, three of which will be fit for service this season; three trotting breed stallions of the best breeding in the world, all fit for service; one canary stallion, three for breeding; one black stallion; one three-quarter thoroughbred, very stylish and handsome. Address J. H. MONROE, Manager, Walkerville, Ont., opposite Detroit.

GEORGE W. ROWELL, Auctioneer.

THE

Lexington Combination Sale Co., will sell at Lexington, Ky.

FEBRUARY 17th AND 18th

125 HEAD  
TROTTING & SADDLE-BRED STOCK.

Track horses ranging down to 2:30. Roadsters, Coach Horses; High bred Saddle & Stock horses, and Brood mares; George W. Dickey, Alton, Ill., Mammoth Patches, Standard Farm, Harrold, Cuylar, Alcantara, Aleycino, Pinto, etc. Washington, Denmark, Cromwell's Derby, etc. Also Jacks and Jennets. Send for catalogues to the Lexington Combination Sale Co., W. E. BRADFORD, Manager.

\*\*

Lexington Combination Sale Co., W. E. EDMONDSON, Auctioneer.

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## Poetry

## THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
comes a pause in the day's occupation,  
That is known as the children's hour.  
I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
And the sound of the door that is opened,  
And the voices soft and sweet.  
From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Decoarding the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.  
A whisper, and then a silence;  
Yet I know, by the merry eyes,  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.  
A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden dash from the hall!  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall!  
They climb up into my turret,  
Over the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape they surround me—  
They seem to be everywhere!

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!  
Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall;  
Such an old monstrosity as I am  
Is not a match for you all?  
I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down in the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart!  
And there I will keep you forever—  
Yes, forever and a day—  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away!

—Longfellow.

## TRINITY CHIMES.

The light of the Indian summer  
Fell soft on bright Broadway,  
Where the ebb and flow of commerce  
Throbbed swift and strong all day;  
And men with anxious thoughts oppressed  
Passed on the crowded way.  
In the surging throngs were people  
With weary, cast-dimmed eyes,  
Who had half forgotten the story  
Of a heavenly Paradise—  
And bent with earthly burdens, walked  
Unconscious of the skies;  
When clear from the old church steeple  
A message, silver-sweet,  
Like a chorus of angel music,  
Tilled all the busy street;  
And "Peace on Earth" the chiming bells  
Seemed softly to repeat.  
They chimed the tune of Marry,  
And the air of wild Dundee,  
And quaint Balmer's measure,  
And Zephyr's harmony;  
Then floated o'er that listening mass—  
"Nearer, my God, to Thee!"  
O folding love of Heaven,  
Calm patience of our God,  
That waits to soothe our sorrows  
And lift our heaviest load;  
And gives us melodies of home:  
To cheer us on the road!  
Above the money-changers,  
Above the toll and strife  
Of this fretting eagerness  
With which the world is rife,  
Our Father keeps for us in store  
An everlasting life!  
A! music softly pealing  
Through that sun-sifted air,  
Your strains brought gifts of healing  
To many a heart-ache there;  
And men a moment stepped to praise  
Who had no time for prayer.  
—Margaret E. Sangster.

## Miscellanous.

## A QUAKERESS.

Kate Ingleby stood at the drawing-room window in Curzon Street tapping the tip of her little Wellington boot impatiently with her riding-whip. A sharp summer shower was patterning down upon the street, and Kate was waiting until it was over to go out for her daily ride. Not that a shower of rain made, as a rule, much difference to Miss Ingleby; for she was accustomed to go out in all weathers. She waited to-day, simply because the friend she had promised to ride with declined to go out in a heavy thunderstorm, for which exercise of wise discretion Kate heartily despised her. She was getting very impatient. There seemed no end to the straight white rain shafts that came swiftly down from the heavy clouds. Miss Ingleby's chestnut mare led by a groom, was walking up and down outside. Kate loved her dearly; but there is a limit to equine affection, and at last she got tired of watching her. On the opposite side of the street was a bookseller and librarian, to whom she was accustomed to subscribe for the few three-volume novels which at odd times she skimmed through. It struck her all at once that her uncle was dining at his club that night, that she herself had no engagement, and that she had no book of an exciting nature wherewith to while away the solitary evening. She gathered up her habit in one hand, and sallied forth, picking her way gingerly across the muddy street. She went into the back part of the shop, and stood turning over a whole heap of works of fiction which lay piled together on the counter.

Miss Ingleby had a tall, well made figure, which looked its best in a riding-habit. She was a handsome girl, and yet her beauty was not of the order that is universally admired. She had bright brown eyes, a small *retroussé* nose, a mouth that was full of decision and character, and a small head well set upon her shoulders. She wore her dark brown hair cut short all round her head, like a boy's, and in a profusion of thick crisp curls upon which her riding hat now sat a little bit to one side, with a decided rakish air. Miss Ingleby had many accomplishments, but they were all of one character. She could ride, fish, and swim; she was a good actress and a clever mimic; more over, she could smoke cigarettes with enjoyment, and shoot rabbits with precision. In addition to all this, she was the actual possessor of fifty thousand pounds comfortably invested in Government securities. With all these advantages, it was perhaps not wonderful that this

young lady had a very high opinion of herself. Kate had heard it said that if you wish others to think well of you you should begin by thinking well of yourself. She was determined to stand well in the opinion of other people; to be liked and admired was a monomania with her; so she set a good example to mankind by admiring and liking herself immensely.

As she stood in the far background of Mr. Adams, the bookseller's shop, there entered two gentlemen, who came running in for a moment's shelter, and who stood in the doorway leaning upon their backs turned toward her, leaning upon their dripping umbrellas. Mr. Adams bowed obsequiously and addressed one of them as "My lord," begging him to take a seat. "My lord," however, a slim young man of about twenty-eight, declined to be seated and went on talking to his friend. Kate glanced once at the two figures in the doorway, and she noticed that my lord's friend was tall and fair, broad shouldered and decidedly good-looking. She did not think, however, that she had ever seen either of them before, so she paid no particular attention to them, but went on turning over the novels and dipping into third volumes to see if she liked the looks of them. The two young men talked. It did not occur to Kate to listen, yet suddenly she heard one of them—the tall handsome man—remark:

"That's a good-looking chestnut walking up and down—I wonder who it belongs to?"

"Oh, I can tell you," answered the other. "It belongs to that horrid girl, Miss Ingleby."

Kate started, and shut up the book she was fingering with a snap. An expression of horror came into her eyes, coupled with a blank amazement that was almost comical. She listened in very earnest to what might come next.

"What makes you call her horrid?" asked the tall man laughing; "has she snubbed you, Kyrie?"

"Not she; I don't know her, thank God. She has got fifty thousand, they say."

"I see nothing horrible in that. She ought to suit you down to the ground, you genteel pauper!"

Then, suddenly, Kate relented.

"Very well, then, I'll come, and I'll act in the theatricals—but on one condition only. None of the people you have asked for the week know me. I shall not come in my own name, but as somebody else."

"What do you mean?"

"After that, do you care to be introduced to this elegant heiress, Jack?"

"Not if I know it, thank you! If I had a chance, I should decline the honor. A woman of that description is revolting. I would go a long way to avoid coming across her."

The shower was over. The two friends nodded to the shopman and took their departure. After a minute or two, Kate came into the front of the shop.

"Who were those two gentlemen," she asked of the man.

"The slight dark one is Viscount Kyrie, miss, Lord Greyrock's eldest son."

"And the fair one?"

"Mr. Dorner, a great traveler, miss; he has just returned from the East."

Kate colored hotly.

She mounted her horse and rode away, and it was characteristic of her that she utterly forgot to call for the friend she had promised to ride with. Instead of going anywhere near this lady's house, she turned her horse southward and rode impetuously up to a certain doorway in South Belgravia with which she was familiar.

"Is Lady Ellerton in?"

Her ladyship was in her room dressing for her drive, she was told.

She bounded up-stairs, two steps at a time, and burst like a whirlwind into the front bedroom.

"Good gracious, Kate! how you startled me!"

Lady Ellerton, a pretty little woman of some two-and-thirty years, whose delicate pink and white fairness, good temper, and prosperous circumstances generally, had somehow preserved her from looking her little fist as she went, "then shall I vote myself forever unworthy of the name of woman!"

A week later Jack Dorner stood in his sister's little blue and white boudoir at Fosborough Court in the county of Westsex. He had just arrived and the dressing-bell had rung, but still Jack lingered chatting to his favorite sister—leaning with his back against the mantelpiece, to the no small danger of the china menagerie of wild beasts which were arranged thereupon.

"And whom have you staying in the house, Ady?"

"Oh, not a very amusing party, I fear; old Lord and Lady Sale, Mr. and Mrs. Halket, Mrs. Ritchie and her daughter—rather a loud girl, you remember."

"Well?" she inquired unconcernedly, turning her head from side to side.

"I hate him!" said Kate with tragic solemnity.

Lady Ellerton jumped, and the glass fell out of her hand upon the dressing-table.

"Good gracious!"

"And he hates me!" continued Miss Ingleby, in a deep voice of horror.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have met him somewhere, and quarreled already? What crushing bad luck! What did he say to you?"

"Nothing."

"What did you say to him, then?"

"Nothing," she repeated gloomily.

"Then, what on earth—are you mad, Kate?—for goodness' sake, explain!"

"I was in a shop; they came in—your brother, and a dreadful friend of his, Lord Kyrie."

Adela nodded; the "dreadful friend" was a particular crony of her own, but she let that pass.

"They began talking about me—Lord Kyrie said I was a 'horrid girl'—he described me as a sort of wild animal, a tom boy who climbed trees, a vulgar creature who swore and talked slang!—oh, it was shameful!"

"Well, but Kitty, people do say you are fast, you know," suggested her friend.

"What do you mean by 'fast'? what does anybody mean?" she cried passionately.

"They don't know themselves. It is true I have high spirits, and I like bodily exercise, but I never did the dreadful things that brute said of me."

"Cigarettes," murmured her ladyship. "And where's the harm! there's no sin in a cigarette! But I haven't told you half. After he had given this delightful and perfectly veracious sketch of my character to your brother, he mentioned the amount of my fortune (that was correct enough), and asked him if he would like to be introduced to me, and Mr. Dorner replied that he would go a long way to avoid coming across me! There—what do you think of that?"

"Pooh! Jack will like you when he knows you, Kitty, as I do."

Miss Ingleby got up from her knees, and began pacing up and down the room; suddenly she stopped behind her friend's chair, and put both hands on her shoulders.

"Adela, you know you meant your brother to marry me—hush! don't exclaim, and don't deny it; I know exactly what you are going to say, so you needn't say it." Lady Ellerton had got very red.

"I don't think you are at all to blame, my dear; if I had a great friend worth fifty thousand pounds, and a nice impecunious brother, I should do my best, too, to bring about a coalition of forces—but, Adela—let me tell you, it won't do!"

"Kate, how you do jump at conclusions!" murmured Adela confusedly, for Miss Ingleby had stated the case exactly.

"My dear, it won't do; I am not going to run the chance of being snubbed by any man, not even by the brother of my greatest friend. I refuse to meet Mr. Dorner, and I am not coming to Fosborough next week."

Who could have believed that so simple a statement could have created such a storm?

Lady Ellerton sprang to her feet as though she had been shot; she turned hot and cold, red and white by turns; she declared that without Kate she would be undone—her party be a failure, her house a howling wilderness, wherein everybody would be bored to death; and, worse than all, her private theatricals would have to be put off altogether. Finally, she burst into a passion of angry tears, which threatened to end in a fit of hysterics.

Then Miss Ingleby said very hesitatingly.

"Oh, Lady Ellerton, I'm afraid I should do it very badly; but if you are in such a difficulty I would do my very best, if you have really no one else; I would try—I learn very quickly by heart, and you might this."

After dinner, when the gentlemen joined the ladies, he went straight up to her and sat down beside her.

"My sister told me who you were, Miss Rose, so you must forgive me for introducing myself. May I sit here and talk to you?"

"Oh, yes!" Her eyes fell and a bright color rose in her cheeks.

"I have been a long time out of England, traveling in Eastern countries, and you can't think how odd English society seems to me now I have come back to it."

"Miss Rose?—a Quakeress?" gasped Adela Ellerton.

"Yes, my name is Rose, Katherine Rose, so that will be true enough."

"But a Quakeress—how can you do it?"

"No, that is out of date, they don't do it now; but I shall wear drabs and grays and be demure—oh, very demure—your brother will think me charming!"

"Don't be sarcastic; but surely it can't be done—somebody will recognize you."

She tossed her hat off and seized a hair-brush. Away vanished all the crisp dark little curls that rippled all over her head, a straight parting, flattened locks falling back on either side, lowered eyelids, a little perked up mouth that looked simple itself; the whole expression of her face, almost her very features, seemed to have seen since I have been home."

"Yes?" still with downcast eyes playing with the dove colored folds of her dress.

"The women, for instance, they look so strange; so—almost bold and unfeminine. I suppose it is because my eyes are unaccustomed. Now you, for instance, you remind me more, do you know, of the women of the east, than anybody I have seen since I have been home."

"Heire?" what heiress? How do, Kyle, I didn't expect to see you to-night. Whom are you speaking about?"

"About Miss Ingleby, to be sure, the fast young woman I warned you against!" said his friend, laughing.

"I really don't know what you mean, Kyle!"

"How late you are—will you dance with me?"

"Will I not?" he answered, passing his arm round her waist.

"What have you done to yourself, to-night?" he murmured in her ear.

"I have tried to make myself lovely in your eyes."

"Because you love me?"

"Because I love you," she answered simply.

And that waltz straightway became as heaven itself to the infatuated young man.

"Hallo, old chap, you are making the running famously with the heiress!" This was from Viscount Kyrie, who stood behind her and slapped him playfully on the back.

"Heire?" what heiress? How do, Kyle, I didn't expect to see you to-night. Whom are you speaking about?"

"About Miss Ingleby, to be sure, the fast young woman I warned you against!" said his friend, laughing.

"I really don't know what you mean, Kyle!"

"Oh! Are they not very ignorant, poor things?" Up went the brown eyes flashing into his a look of innocent surprise.

Jack laughed. "Ah—you had me there. I do not mean that it is in their ignorance and want of education that you remind me of them."

"At such a short notice, and such a part, so wholly foreign to her nature!"

"I shall come to you, Ady, almost flatly contradicting the very last remark he had made to her. But he was in that idiotic condition of mind with regard to her, when whatever a woman does or says, or leaves unsaid or undone, seems to be equally perfect in a man's eyes. Nevertheless, when Miss Rose had been carried away by his sister to be drilled and coached, he could not help owning to himself that, amiable and good-natured as was Miss Rose, he feared that her acting would be a failure.

"At such a short notice, and such a part, so wholly foreign to her nature!"

"I have had many degrees below zero when she gets on in me now adays. She did me up brown when I first came to town, but I am on deck now every time. In the course of my checkered boarding house existence I have many varieties of them, but I think the first landlady I fell up against was about the meanest of the lot. She lived in Thirty-eight street, near Sixth Avenue. The house was beautifully furnished and perfectly clean. I didn't know then that a clean house meant a scanty table, and the great city has vanished. I have had no sense of traveling, but I have floated over London. The rapidity of our descent has been terrific. In another moment small the bay. The midnight; the still summer fields are close beneath us. The moonlight is now diffused and soft, the air is warm and scented. The car drops silently like a feather; we alight on the new moon-hay.—*Longman's Magazine*.

"They had me with a scissor-point to match a door and a bending o-

"Match with a scissor-point to match a door and a bending o-

"Match with a scissor-point to match a door and a bending o-

"Match with a scissor-point to match a door and a bending o-

&lt;p



## MICHIGAN MERINO SHEEP-BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION.

## Official List of Transfers.

H. L. Doane—One ram H. L. Doane 116, to W. J. Warden, Green Oak; one ram H. L. Doane 122, to E. Peach, of the same place.

Wm. Duncan—One ram Wm. Duncan 9, to O. N. Barnhart, Northville; one ram William Duncan 13, to John B. Cowan, Ann Arbor.

R. D. Edwards—One ram R. D. M. E. 3, to W. Newbold, Hamer.

John Handley—One ram J. Handley 10, to A. C. Waldron, Tecumseh; ten ewes to C. E. Loucks, Raisin.

O. V. Hammond—One ewe from flock of J. J. Clark, to John H. Eaton, Eaton Rapids.

R. H. Haskins—One ram R. H. 70, to C. H. Williams, Wheatland; nine rams, eight from his own flock and one from the flock of D. F. Doty, to J. M. Baker, Hudson; 11 ewes to C. H. Williams, Wheatland; four ewes to O. N. Williams, Wheatland.

G. L. Hoyt—Five rams from his own flock to W. E. Kennedy, Somerton; one ram G. L. Hoyt 111 to J. E. Rue.

N. H. Isbell—One ram N. H. Isbell 16, to J. Hall Saline.

W. J. DEAN, Secretary.

## Stock Notes.

Mr. E. B. BARCOCK, of Ionia, Mich., has purchased of Mr. A. F. Wood, of Mason, the Southern bull 10th Colonel Gloster.

Mr. WM. S. BATES, of Ionia, Mich., has increased his herd of Shorthorns by the purchase from A. F. Wood, of Mason, of two bulls offered by F. T. Oxford #4586, and in calf to 10th Colonel Gloster.

Mr. WM. H. BLOW, of Thornville, Lapeer County, has purchased of F. M. Dean of Pewamo, a registered Poland-China sow pig. Also a Poland-China sow pig from Mr. E. Connor, of Metamora, 12 full blood Plymouth Rock hens and two cockerels.

MESSRS. HIRAM WALKER & SONS, of Walkerville, Ont., have sold to J. D. Burr, of Topeka, Kansas, the Shorthorn bull Duke of Woodland Hall, registered in Canadian Herd Book, bred by Thomas Boak, of Ontario, and which has stood at the head of Messrs. Walker & Sons' herd for the past two years.

Mr. F. M. DEAN, of Pewamo, has sold to D. F. Spencer and Wm. P. Lunn, of Greenville, six ewes that he says are good ones, all bred to Monday 307 Mich. Stock Ram List. Also to E. H. Eates, of Forest Hill, Isabella County, five breeding ewes and a ram. Mr. Dean says his flock has not been "struck by the tariff"; never looked better, and that he has a few more of the same kind on hand.

Mr. JAMES MOORE, of Milford, Oakland County, reports the sale to Mr. Lewis Ollif, of Bayou Chico, St. Landry Parish, La., of the Shorthorn heifer Dixie, of the Jim Victoria family. Mr. Ollif also purchased from Mr. W. Blackwood, New Hudson, the Shorthorn bull calf Lorna. The stock were shipped, and Mr. Ollif writes that when he arrived at Bayou Chico his stock looked well, and were fine and healthy. When he started from Milford the thermometer stood 30 deg. below zero, and when he arrived home grass was two inches or more in height.

MESSRS. KELLY & FLINT, of Somerset, Mich., report the following sales from their herd of Shorthorns:

To Wm. H. Addison, the yearling bull Duke of Woodland #5585 (Vol. 26), sired by Airlie Duke Duke #5473, out of 43rd Duchess of Woodhill, 88th Duke of Oxford (28173) &c., tracing to imported Beauty, by Snowball #5647.

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